

I Believe in Acceptance

“Sweet is the voice of a sister in the season of sorrow” I have always been skeptical when it comes to quotes like this. That is because, for eight years of my life, I have thought of my sister as nothing more than a curse, a living nightmare, and struggled with her existence.

I had loved her even before she arrived, looked forward to her birth, hoped that she would end my loneliness as the only child. But when she really came, that was when all my fantasies crashed down on me.

Even at a young age, it was clear that my sister and I were exact opposites; while I was thoughtful and laid-back, she was wild and boisterous. And in our case, polarities do not attract. She broke my stuff, told tales about me, copied everything I did... She utterly ruined my life! But an incident that happened two years ago changed my mindset of our relationship, I could say it was the first turning point of my life.

It was summer; we received news from China that my aunt fell sick, and her condition was steadily going downhill. By the time we returned, her illness was so severe that she had lost control of the muscles in her jaw, thus rendering her unable to speak legibly. It crushed her spirit, and the once strong woman I knew was reduced to nothing more than a bag of bones.

Stubborn as she was, she locked herself in her room and refused to see anyone, not even coming out to eat. Everyone almost gave up, coming to terms that she could not stay inside forever, everyone but my mother.

My mother told me that she used to not get along with her siblings at all, especially my aunt, who would reprimand her every time she got into trouble. But seeing my mother then, there was not a trace of hatred in her voice when she coaxed her sister to come out.

During our month-long stay in China, Mother devoted every minute of her time to my aunt, and even though she constantly became the victim of her tantrums, she never gave up on her.

Seeing the struggles of another pair of sisters, it made me reflect on my own relationship with my sister, and how trivial our differences are.

I was wrong. When she did not become the sister of my expectations, I closed myself within my little bubble of disappointment, judging her at arm's length. But if I looked past all my perceptions, all her imperfections, and traded my expectations for acceptance, that was when I truly saw a real person underneath, longing to be accepted.

In the end, we will always be sisters not only bound by the blood that runs in our veins, but also by the thin thread of fate that can never be cut.

And that's when I realized, she is the one who will truly walk through life with me.